all new
FIGHTIN' MARINES
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IT WAS GUADALCANAL, AUGUST, 1942, WHEN PFC. JIM LIMONETTI STORMED ASHORE WITH THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION.. HIS SQUAD WAS ON THE BEACH..GETTING AMMO AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES IN TO THE MARINES ENGAGED IN A DESPERATE BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL ON THAT HOSTILE ISLAND! JIM HAD NEVER CONSIDERED HIMSELF A COWARD UNTIL THAT FIRST BIG MORTAR HIT A FEW FEET AWAY AND THEN THE JAPS CAME OUT OF THE THICK WALL OF JUNGLE!
THE LEMON MARINE
MORTAR!
THUMMMMM
GOTTA GET AWAY!
HEY.. LIMONETTI'S BUGGIN' OUT!
Pat Boyette
FIGHTIN' MARINES
D-5988
1.

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SUDDENLY..A MORTAR ALMOST SMASHES LIMONETTI'S EARDRUMS!
LIMONETTI LIES DAZED IN THE SAND AS THE JAPS CHARGED....
WHERE'S THAT CREEP, LIMONETTI? HE COULD'VE GOT THE JAP WHO KILLED CASEY!
HE'S OVER THERE!
THE JAPS ARE WITHDRAWING!
THEY'LL BE BACK.. BUT IT'LL GIVE ME TIME TO HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH THAT LIMONETTI!

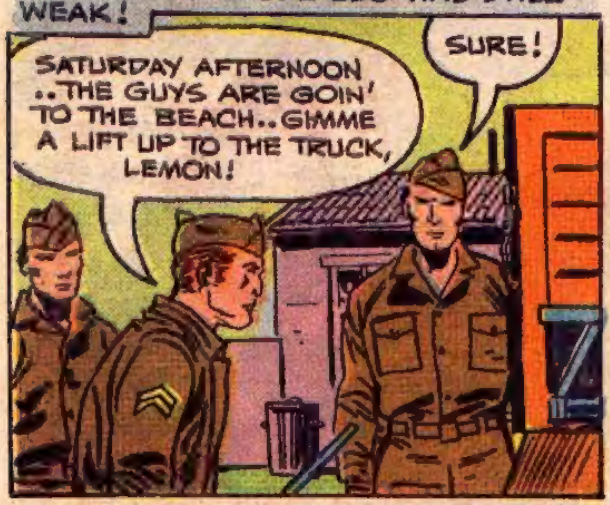
LIMONETTI WASN'T SMALL..AND HE WAS STRONG, BUT WHEN A MARINE THREE INCHES SHORTER AND THIRTY POUNDS LIGHTER WENT AFTER HIM, LIMONETTI DIDN'T EVEN PUT UP HIS HANDS...
RUN OUT ON US, WILL YA.. YOU YELLA PUNK!
THO
LIMONETTI.. HE'S NAMED RIGHT... HE'S A LEMON... ALL YELLOW!
START BRINGIN' UP AMMO.. WE NEED .30 CAL. AND GRENADES!
LOOK, SARGE.. GIVE ME A CHANCE IN THE LINE! WHEN I RAN.. I..
MOVE OUT, LIMONETTI!
SO LIMONETTI CONTINUED AS A 'GOFER'.... LUGGING AMMO .. BRINGING UP HOT CHOW FOR THE MARINES WHO DID THE FIGHTING!
I'VE HAD IT.. WHEN HE FIRES THAT GUN..I'LL GO OFF LIKE A BOMB!

PLOMP!
THEY OUGHTA NEVER LET YOU OUT BY YOURSELF, LEMON! GET THAT AMMO UP TO THE PLATOON.... THEY'RE FIGHTIN' A WAR, REMEMBER?
THANKS, DUGAN!
THEN, AFTER THREE MONTHS OF BITTER FIGHTING, LIMONETTI'S OUTFIT WAS RELIEVED BY U.S. ARMY TROOPS AND THEY HEADED SOUTH TO CONVALESCE AND GET RESUPPLIED!
WE TOOK A LOT OF CASUALTIES.. BUT WE DID A JOB!
SOME OF US DID... SOME GUYS LIKE LIMONETTI NEVER FIRED A SHOT!
THEY'D MADE THEIR JUDGMENT.... THE ENTIRE BATTALION KNEW ABOUT JIM LIMONETTI.. HE WAS A COWARD, THEY THOUGHT AND JIM BEGAN TO BELIEVE IT TOO!
WHAT ARE YOU CLEANIN' THE CARBINE FOR, LEMON? YA AIN'T GONNA USE IT ON YOURSELF, ARE YA?
LAY OFF, JENSON!
OIL
K3

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

WHY DON'T YOU PUT IN FOR A TRANSFER... NOBODY WANTS YOU IN THIS OUTFIT!
I TRIED... THEY SAY I'M JUST TRYING TO GET OUT OF A COMBAT OUTFIT!

THEY MARCHED.. LIMONETTI ENDURED WHILE HIS TORMENTORS DROPPED IN THE AUSTRALIAN HEAT! THEY WENT TO THE RIFLE RANGE.. IRONICALLY, JIM LIMONETTI ALWAYS FIRED 'EXPERT'!
LEMON'S THE BEST MARKSMAN IN THE PLATOON.. AND HE'S TOO CHICKEN TO USE THE RIFLE IN COMBAT!

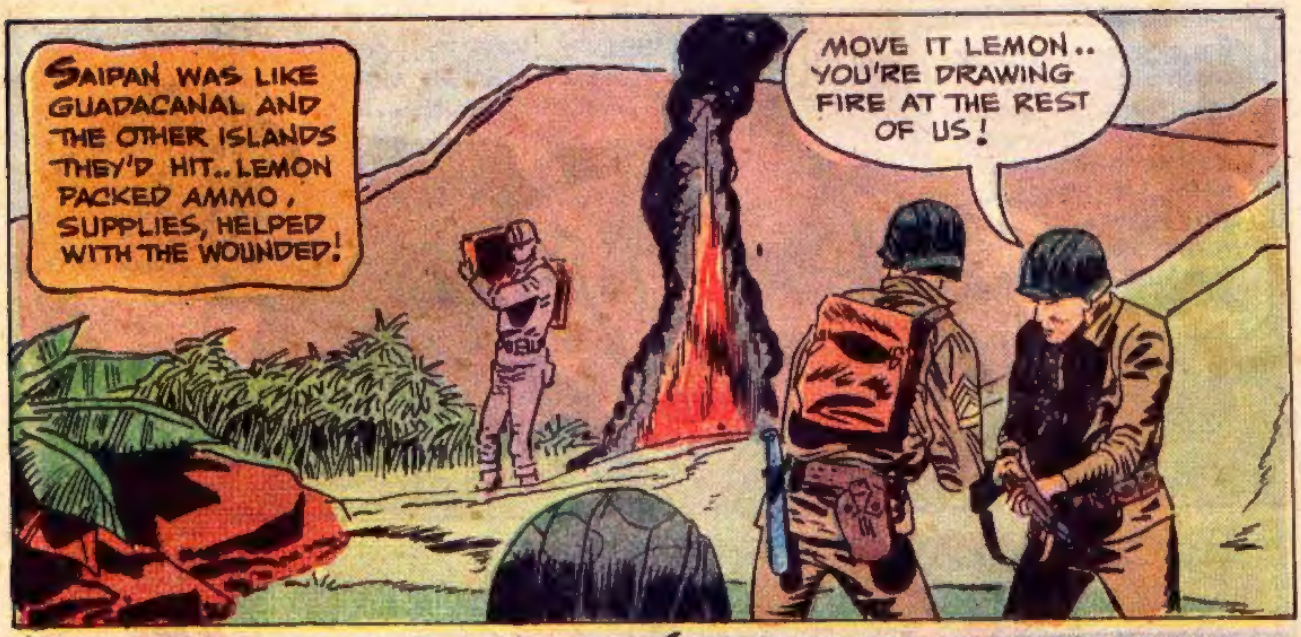

THE CASUALTIES WERE COMING OUT OF THE HOSPITAL.. SOME MARINES RE-JOINED ABLE COMPANY BEFORE THEY WERE COMPLETELY HEALED.. LIKE CPL. DUGAN WHOSE LEG WAS STILL WEAK!
SATURDAY AFTERNOON .. THE GUYS ARE GOIN' TO THE BEACH.. GIMME A LIFT UP TO THE TRUCK, LEMON!
SURE!

IF LEMON EVER HAD THE GUTS AND GOT MAD ENOUGH.. HE COULD WHIP ANYBODY IN THE BATTALION!

THEY'D BEEN WARNED TO WATCH FOR STONEFISH (FATAL IF STEPPED ON) CROCODILES AND VARIOUS OTHER AUSTRALIAN CRITTERS....
DUGAN!

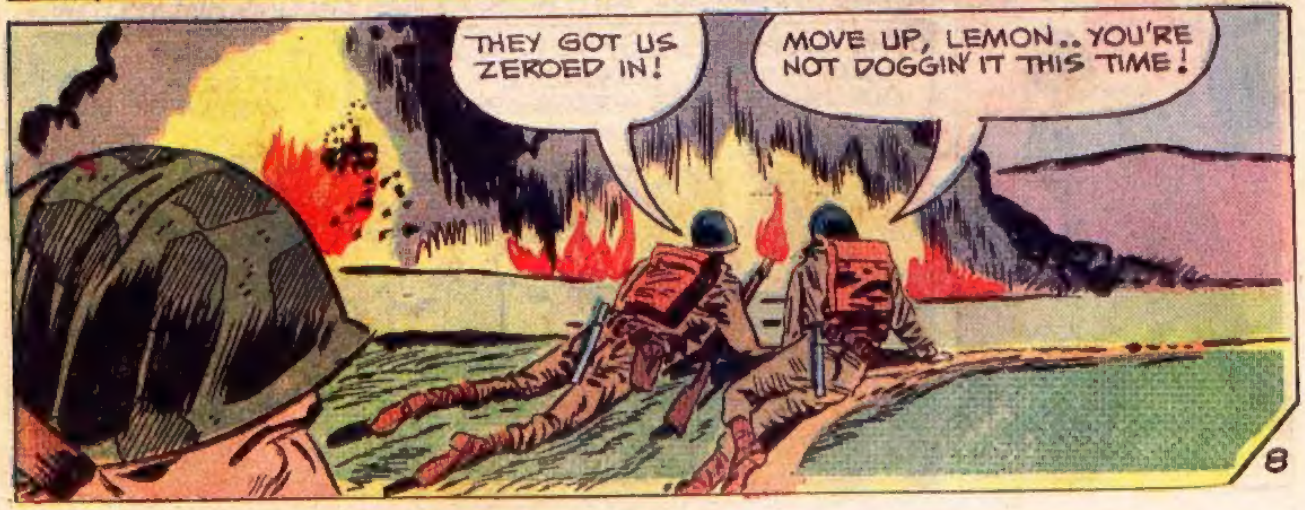
IT WAS A DEADLY SEA SNAKE .... LIMONETTI HAD NO WEAPON.. BUT DUGAN COULDN'T RUN SO LEMON DID THE ONLY THING HE COULD!
SEA SNAKE..THEY WARNED US ABOUT THEM!
DROP IT, YA NUT ..IF IT EVEN SCRATCHES YOU WITH THOSE FANGS, YOU...
I CAN'T DROP IT.. DUGAN GET OUT OF THE WATER..THERE COULD BE ANOTHER ONE AROUND!
HOLD ON, LEMON ...I'LL GET THE HEAD!
HURRY, SIR..HE'S SLIPPERY!
THAT TOOK A LOT OF GUTS, LEMON!
THAT NIGHT, LIMONETTI DID SOME THINKING...
THEY SAY I HAD GUTS TODAY..HOW COME I BUGGED OUT ON THE CANAL THAT DAY?

ON SAIPAN IN JUNE, 1944, LIMONETTI HIT THE BEACH ONCE MORE! THIS WAS A BRUTAL LANDING!
BLAM
AIEEEE!
HE WAS STUNNED FOR A MINUTE... LONG ENOUGH TO ADD TO HIS REPUTATION WITH HIS FELLOW MARINES...
THERE'S THE LEMON KID..TRYING TO HIDE HIS HEAD IN THE SAND WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTS!


SAIPAN WAS LIKE GUADACANAL AND THE OTHER ISLANDS THEY'D HIT.. LEMON PACKED AMMO, SUPPLIES, HELPED WITH THE WOUNDED!
MOVE IT LEMON.. YOU'RE DRAWING FIRE AT THE REST OF US!

LIMONETTI WAS LUCKY..HE DIDN'T GET HIT..THE REST OF THE OUTFIT WHO DID GET WOUNDS WERE BITTER AT THIS!

THEN, IT WAS FEB. 1945, AND 22,000 JAPANESE WERE WAITING ON AN ISLAND FIVE MILES LONG AND TWO AN A HALF MILES WIDE...THE NAME WAS IWO JIMA ..AND FOR THE MARINES IT WAS HELL!



THE COARSE BLACK SANDS OF THE BEACHES GAVE WAY TO VOLCANIC ROCKS .. WITH THE JAPS IN PILL-BOXES AND GUN EMPLACEMENTS INFLICTING HEAVY LOSSES ON THE MARINES!
SOMEBODY.. HAS TO.. COUGH... NEUTRALIZE THOSE MORTAR AND MACHINE GUNS...

WHEN THE SMOKE OF BATTLE CLEARED FIVE WEEKS LATER, LIMONETTI WAS NOT ONE OF THE 4,644 MARINES KILLED OR 17,328 WOUNDED! BUT, NOBODY WAS CALLING HIM YELLOW...

WAR LIFE INSURANCE

During my first week as a war prisoner at Darmstadt, Colonel Hans Gutterman sent for me to make matters clear.

"You are the highest ranking officer among our allied prisoners of war. Life here is not too difficult. But I know human nature. With the border of Switzerland only an hour's distance by fast driving, ideas will come into the minds of the prisoners. They will plan to escape. And do their best to tunnel underneath the walls to get to the outside.

Assuming what is most improbable that they reach outside. We will track them down and kill them. And if we catch them here, they will be put up against the wall and executed. Have I made myself clear?"

"You certainly have, Colonel," I replied. "All I can do is to convey this to the rest of the men."

"Colonel Foley," he continued. "I understand you are a very good chess player. I would be honored if you could spend some of your evenings here as my guest over the chessboard."

So about four evenings a week we played chess. From his attitude towards me one could not judge that our countries were locked in a war to the end. It was on a Monday that I was out in the courtyard. With Captain Jim Barnett and Lieutenant Frank Angold at my sides.

"Every room is bugged," I informed them. "Get that to the rest of the men. But only outside here. If there is anything important to discuss, don't take a chance."

The food was fairly good. And we had time for sports and other activities. Then two weeks later I walked with Sergeant Donald Hillman and several other men.

"Let me see your hands," I suddenly said to him. "act as though you were going to light my cigarette."

He was puzzled but he followed my order. Then I looked very seriously at him.

"I suggest that if you insist on digging that tunnel, at least clean the dirt from your fingernails. An observant prison guard may notice it."

The word was passed on to the men. They were most thankful to me. We were all resting at the side of the wall. Nobody was around us when I spoke in a low tone of voice to them.

"I am not going to order you to stop digging the tunnel. I also want to escape with you. The weather report says that for the next week there will be an easterly strong wind blowing. Now keep that in mind when you get rid of the earth from below."

We continued our chess games. The Colonel spoke to me for the first time about his military background.

"I come from a Junker family," he said. "One of my ancestors was a General under Frederick the Great. And we fought with honor and distinction in every war. What about you?"

"I am the first military man in my family as far as I know," I sighed. "I regret I can't match your military background."

I didn't sleep too well that night. He may have been trying to tell me something. But what? And the next week I knew from the men that that they were near the outside wall. I had something to tell them

"Be very careful from now on. Inch by inch you dig. They have booby traps set up with hand grenades. I don't want you to be killed."

"You must have a private crystal ball to look out for us," grinned one of the men.

Then on a bright Thursday morning I heard the siren blow three times. All of the prisoners-except myself-were rounded up. They were put against the wall.

"I will have you all shot for trying to escape," thundered Colonel Hans Gutterman.

"No you won't," I snapped back at him producing a Luger from inside my shirt. "Tell your men to drop their machine guns. Otherwise I will kill you. They will not be hurt."

My men were soon well armed. We wrecked all communication lines. Then got into trucks. With Colonel Hans Gutterman at my side in an official Nazi car. We made the Swiss Border in record time. And I took him across with me.

"Thank you for taking me with you," he smiled. "You must have figured something was up. Especially when I left you alone in my office with important papers. And even, left a Luger around in the hall for you to steal. You see, I was in the plot to kill Hitler and save our country. I received a tip the SS were on their way for me. So your plan to escape was my life insurance."

••••••••••

NIGHTMARE IN THE CARIBBEAN

THERE WAS BITTER FIGHTING IN LE REPUBLIQUE D'HAITI (THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI) IN THE SEVENTY YEARS FROM 1844 TO 1914! THEN, U.S. PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON SENT 2,000 MARINES INTO THE ISLAND NATION BECAUSE HE FEARED OTHER NATIONS MIGHT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HER WEAKNESS! THEY WERE THERE TO SUPPORT THE HAITIAN GOVERNMENT... AND THERE WAS BITTER FIGHTING WHEN THEY FIRST LANDED! SGT. MILES CURTIN WAS DETAILED TO DRIVE THE INSURGENTS OUT OF A SUGAR MILL OUTSIDE DESARMES!

TRY TO CAPTURE 'EM IF YOU....NO, YUH DON'T!

THUD

BAM

EDITOR: GEORGE WILTMAN
SCRIPT: JOE GILL
ART: BILL MOLNO

THEY AIN'T GIVIN' UP, SARGE!
I NOTICED THAT, MYSELF!
THUD
HOLD YOUR FIRE, JENSON!
WE WERE ORDERED TO PROTECT THE VILLAGERS AGAINST THE CACOS IN THE HILLS! THESE PEOPLE AREN'T HURTING ANYONE BUT THEY'RE THE VICTIMS EVERY TIME SOMEONE ELSE STARTS TROUBLE!
SGT. CURTIN DIDN'T PARLEY-VOUS' THE KIND OF FRENCH THE VILLAGE HEAD MAN SPOKE BUT THEY UNDERSTOOD EACH OTHER WITH SIGN LANGUAGE AND GESTURES...
WHAT'S HE SAYIN', SARGE?
HE SAYS THE CHILDREN IN THE VILLAGE ARE STARVING! THE REBELS RAN OFF MOST OF THE LIVE STOCK AND THEY'RE AFRAID TO GO INTO THE FIELDS FOR VEGETABLES OR THE JUNGLE FOR FRUIT!
THE FIRST THING WE'RE GONNA DO IS SEE THAT THESE PEOPLE GET FOOD!
THEY DIDN'T SEND US HERE TUH BABY-SIT THESE PEOPLE!
I GOT A WIFE AN' KIDS HOME, CONRAD.... I WOULDN'T LIKE THEM TO GO HUNGRY....THESE PEOPLE GOT RIGHTS TOO!
2.
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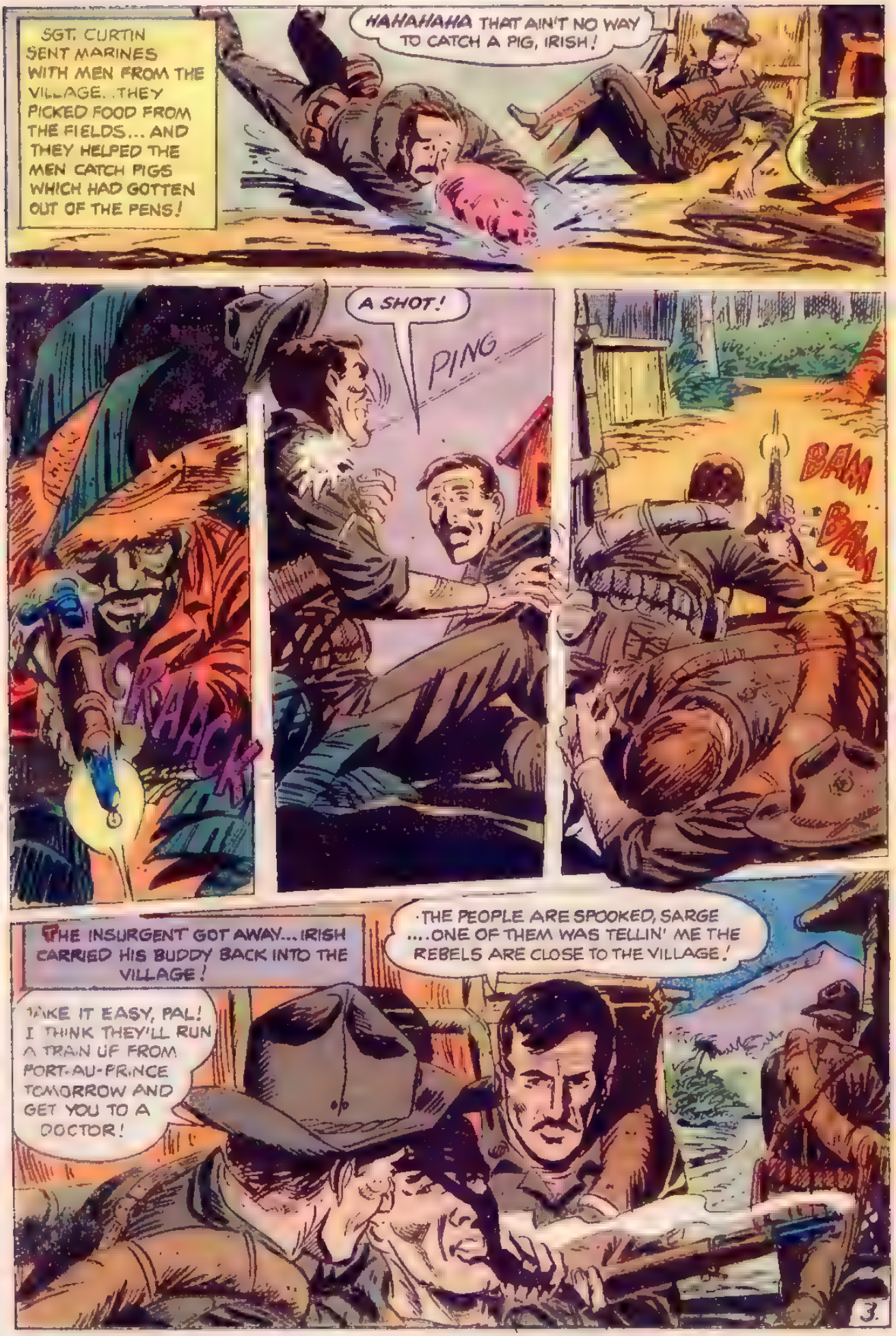
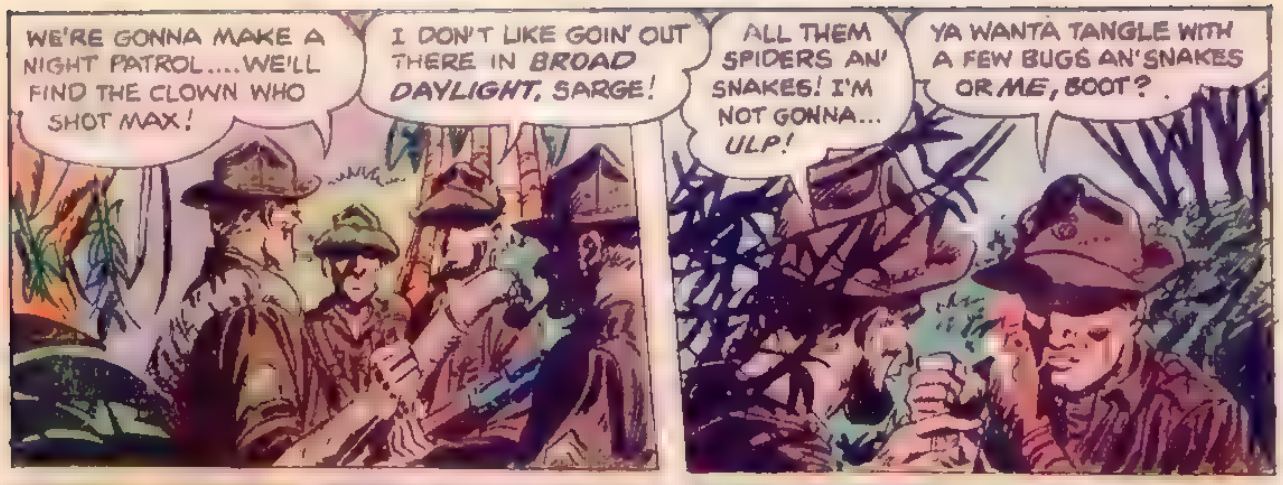

SGT. CURTIN SENT MARINES WITH MEN FROM THE VILLAGE. . THEY PICKED FOOD FROM THE FIELDS... AND THEY HELPED THE MEN CATCH PIGS WHICH HAD GOTTEN OUT OF THE PENS!
HAHAHAHA THAT AIN'T NO WAY TO CATCH A PIG, IRISH!
A SHOT!
PING
KRACK
BAM
BAM
THE INSURGENT GOT AWAY... IRISH CARRIED HIS BUDDY BACK INTO THE VILLAGE!
THE PEOPLE ARE SPOOKED, SARGE .... ONE OF THEM WAS TELLIN' ME THE REBELS ARE CLOSE TO THE VILLAGE!
TAKE IT EASY, PAL! I THINK THEY'LL RUN A TRAIN UP FROM PORT-AU-PRINCE TOMORROW AND GET YOU TO A DOCTOR!
3.


WE'RE GONNA MAKE A NIGHT PATROL....WE'LL FIND THE CLOWN WHO SHOT MAX!
I DON'T LIKE GOIN' OUT THERE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, SARGE!
ALL THEM SPIDERS AN' SNAKES! I'M NOT GONNA... ULP!
YA WANTA TANGLE WITH A FEW BUGS AN' SNAKES OR ME, BOOT?

SGT. CURTIN LED THREE MARINES OUT OF THE VILLAGE WHEN DARKNESS SET IN THE VILLAGE! THEIR NERVES WERE TAUT...IN THE HILLS, VOODOO DRUMS THROBBED ..
NO NOISE... IF WE GET JUMPED, USE BAYONETS AND RIFLE BUTTS!
SPREAD OUT....WE'RE GONNA CREEP UP ON THEM!
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
HOLY COW, THEY GOT A MACHINE-GUN! IF THEY TURN THAT ON THE VILLAGERS, THEY'LL WIPE THEM OUT!
THEY WON'T....WE'RE TAKING THAT M.G. BACK WITH US WHEN WE LEAVE!
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM

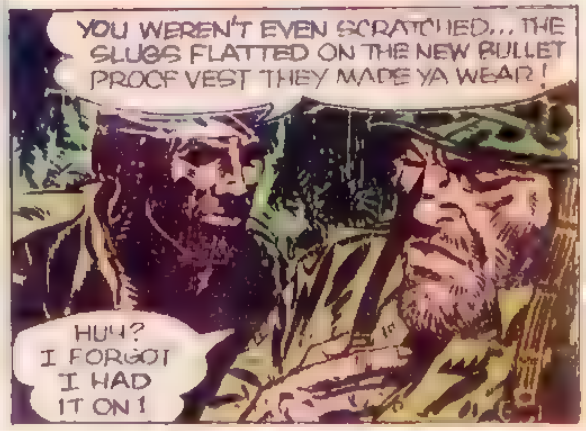
THEY HAD HAND GRENADES... ...SGT CURTIN WHISPERED HIS ORDERS AND AT HIS SIGNAL THEY HURLED THEM... IN-TO THE BRUSH AROUND THE FIRE... NOT CLOSE ENOUGH TO KILL ANY INSURGENTS!
WHAAMM
WHAAM
I GOT THE MACHINE GUN, SARGE!
AND I GOT THE GUY WHO BROUGHT IT TO THEM! LET'S GO!
WE'LL SHIP THIS GUY AND OUR WOUND-ED DOWN TO PORT-AU-PRINCE TOMORROW WHEN THE TRAIN COMES!
THE TRAIN WILL NEVER COME, FOOL! YOU ARE SURROUNDED.... CUT OFF... YOU ARE DOOMED!
ON THE MORNING THE NARROW GAUGE TRAIN STARTED FROM PORT-AU-PRINCE, TRAVELING ALONG THE COAST! THE INSURGENTS SABOTAGED IT JUST SOUTH OF DESARMES.
THEY BUSHWACKED US!
BAM
BAM
BAM!
BAM!
BAM
TWANG
BAM
RAT-TA-TAT
BAM
5

THE MARINES IN DESARMES WERE CUT OFF....BUT NOT FOR LONG! IN PORT-AU-PRINCE, THERE WAS SOMETHING NEW....AN ARMORED CAR, VERY ADVANCED FOR THAT ERA!
GET THROUGH TO DESARMES, SERGEANT! CURTIN AND THE OTHERS NEED MEDICAL SUPPLIES AND REINFORCE-MENTS! STAY THERE AS LONG AS YOU'RE NEEDED!
THE INSURGENTS HAD ARMED MEN ON THE COAST ROAD....BUT BULLETS COULDN'T STOP THE MARINES' FIRST ARMORED CAR!
THERE'S A BUNCH ON THE OTHER SIDE.... GET THEM!
TWING
PING
BROOM
TWING
PING
USMC
WHROOOMM
BAM
BAM
TWING
PING
VRROOMM
TWING
WHEN THE ARMORED CAR PULLED INTO DESARMES, THE INSURGENT LEADERS SAW IT AND....
WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!
WE CANNOT FIGHT AGAINST SUCH MONSTERS! OUR CAUSE IS LOST!
YOU DIDN'T LOSE, BUDDY!
FROM WHAT I HEAR, WE'RE GONNA STAY AROUND TO SEE SOME SCHOOLS ARE BUILT AND ROADS BUILT INTO THE INTERIOR AND HOSPITALS PUT UP! YOU PEOPLE NEED HELP AND WE'RE HERE TO GIVE IT!
WHROOM
BOOM
the end.

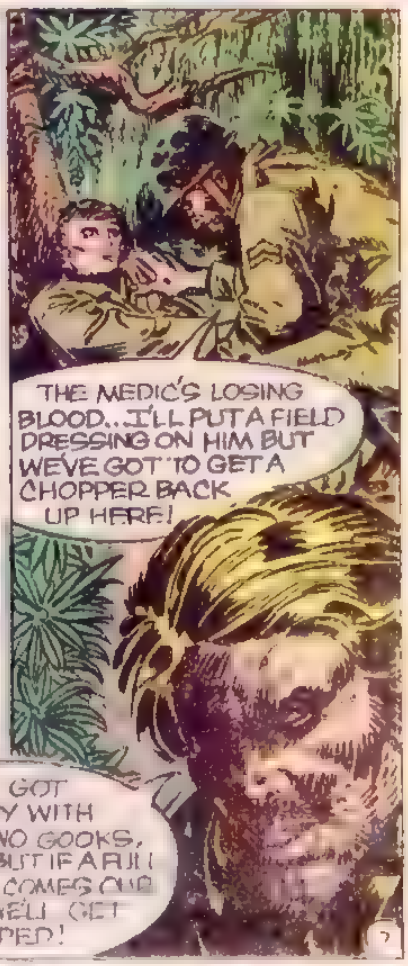
THE DAY TIME RAN OUT
THE COMMIE GUNNER LIFTED HIS AUTOMATIC WEAPON AND SQUEEZED OFF A BURST...THE SLUGS TRIP-HAMMERED INTO CPL. JOE EBERTI'S CHEST AND HIS LAST THOUGHT WAS "I HAD A HUNCH IT WOULD END LIKE THIS!"
THEY'LL FINISH US ALL OFF!
I'D LOVE TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO FIX HIM!
BE THAT AS AUTOMATIC WAS THE HARDEST WORK JOE EBERTI HAD EVER DONE BUT INCH BY INCH HE BROUGHT IT
BRRAM!
BRRAM!

BLAM!

HEY, CORP, YA WIPED THEM OUT!
YEAH...I (COUGH) SHOULD'VE DID IT BEFORE THEY... (GASP) GOT ME!


YOU WEREN'T EVEN SCRATCHED... THE SLUGS FLATTED ON THE NEW BULLET PROOF VEST THEY MADE YA WEAR!
HUH? I FORGOT I HAD IT ON!

FIND ANY HOLES, CORP?
I'LL BET I'VE GOT SOME CRACKED RIBS...BUT THE BULLETPROOF VEST REALLY SAVED MY LIFE!


THE MEDIC'S LOSING BLOOD..I'LL PUT A FIELD DRESSING ON HIM BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET A CHOPPER BACK UP HERE!
YOU GOT LUCKY WITH THOSE TWO GOOKS, CORP...BUT IF A R.U.F. PATROL COMES OUR WAY, WE'LL GET ZAPPED!

LOOK!
HOLD IT, JOE... HE'S GONE!
IF THE MEDICAL CHOPPER DOESN'T COME BACK, WE'VE HAD IT!
WE WERE OFF THE MAIN SUPPLY ROUTE, JOE! OUR PLATOON WAS TOLD TO GUARD THIS RIDGE TILL THE DIVISION GOT ITSELF DOWN THE ROAD! IT'S OUR TOUGH LUCK WE GOT BURNED...YOUR TOUGH LUCK YA WERE TOLD TO STICK HERE TILL WE GOT EVACUATED!
IT LOOKS BAD, BUDDY...BUT THE TWO SMARTIES WHO THOUGHT THEY WERE GONNA FINISH US OFF ARE DEAD AND WE'RE STILL IN THE BALL GAME! WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT HOME... YET!
THAT WAS MORNING.. THEY WERE WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD BUT THEY ATE SOME RATIONS EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE IN PAIN!
DRINK THE BROTH, BUDDY! IT'LL GIVE YUH STRENGTH...
IT'S NO STEAK DINNER, CORP.. BUT IT'S ALL WE'VE GOT!

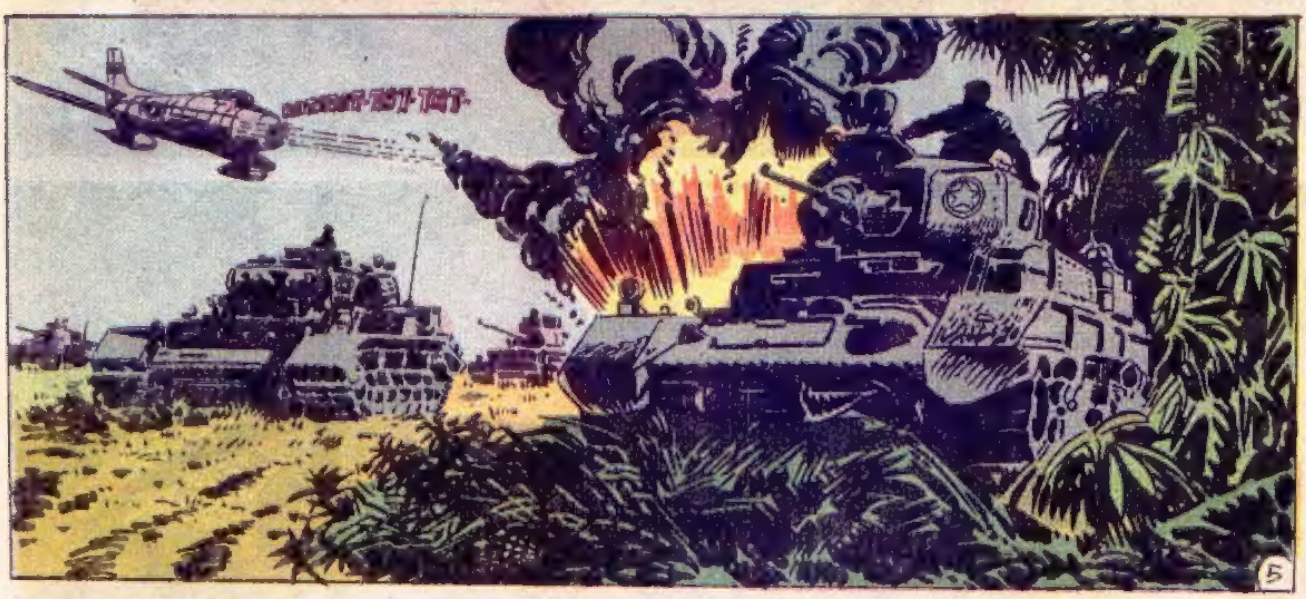
FIVE MARINES...FOUR OF THEM WOUNDED, THE FIFTH WITH A BATTERED CHEST...AND NO ONE KNEW THEY WERE THERE! WHY? WHAT HAD HAPPENED? WHAT ABOUT THE MARINE HELICOPTER ASSIGNED TO EVACUATE THE WOUNDED? TWO HOURS EARLIER, IT HAD AIR-LIFTED TWO WOUNDED TO A BASE HOSPITAL AND...
I CAN AIRLIFT THEM IN TWO TRIPS, DOC! IT'S GETTING HAIRY UP THERE!
I'M TAKING SMALL ARMS FIRE...LOSING OIL PRESSURE!
THIS IS GREAT...WHO'S GONNA GO AFTER THOSE WOUNDED MARINES?

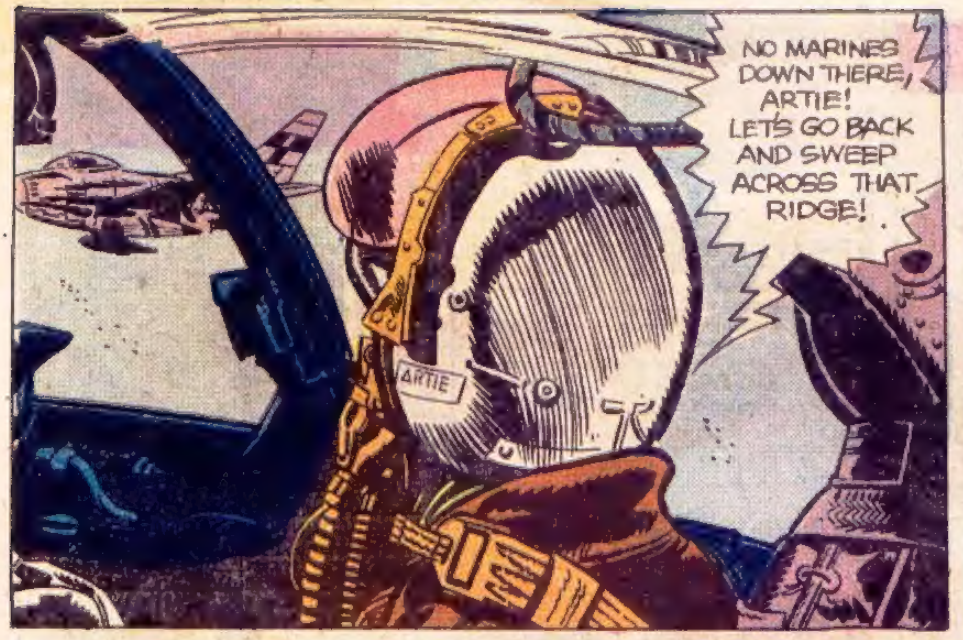
THEY WERE WAITING FOR A CHOPPER THAT WOULDN'T ARRIVE ...COLDER, HUNGRIER, AND WITH LESS HOPE BY THE MINUTE...
I WISH CHARLIE WOULD COME AND GET IT OVER WITH!
WISH FOR YOURSELF, DUMMY...I'M NOT TIRED OF LIVIN'!

I'VE GOT EIGHT ROUNDS OF AMMO LEFT ...IT LOOKS LIKE WE BOUGHT THE FARM!

I GOT THIS GRENADE.. I WON'T DIE LONESOME!
I CAN BLAST A COUPLE IF THEY GET CLOSE ENOUGH, JOE!

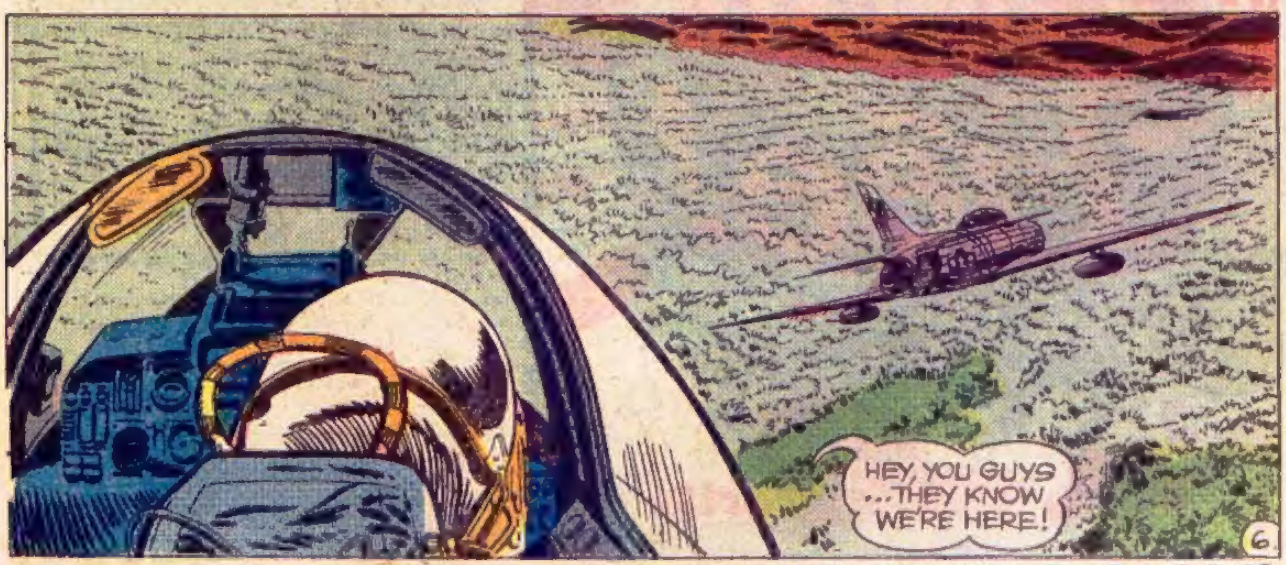
THE AIR FORCE WAS FLYING SUPPORT MISSIONS OVER THE JUNGLE. BELOW THEM, THE MARINES FOUGHT THE VIET CONG AND THE NORTH VIET NAMESE REGULARS!


RATATATAT-TAT-TAT!



ONE OF THE PILOTS SLOW-ROLLED...LOOKING DOWN THROUGH HIS PLEXIGLASS CEILING HE SAW THEM...

INSTANTLY, THEY WHIPPED AROUND AND CAME BACK...THEIR GUN SWITCHES ON, TWO PROFESSIONALS SCANNING THE DENSE JUNGLE FOR THE ENEMY!



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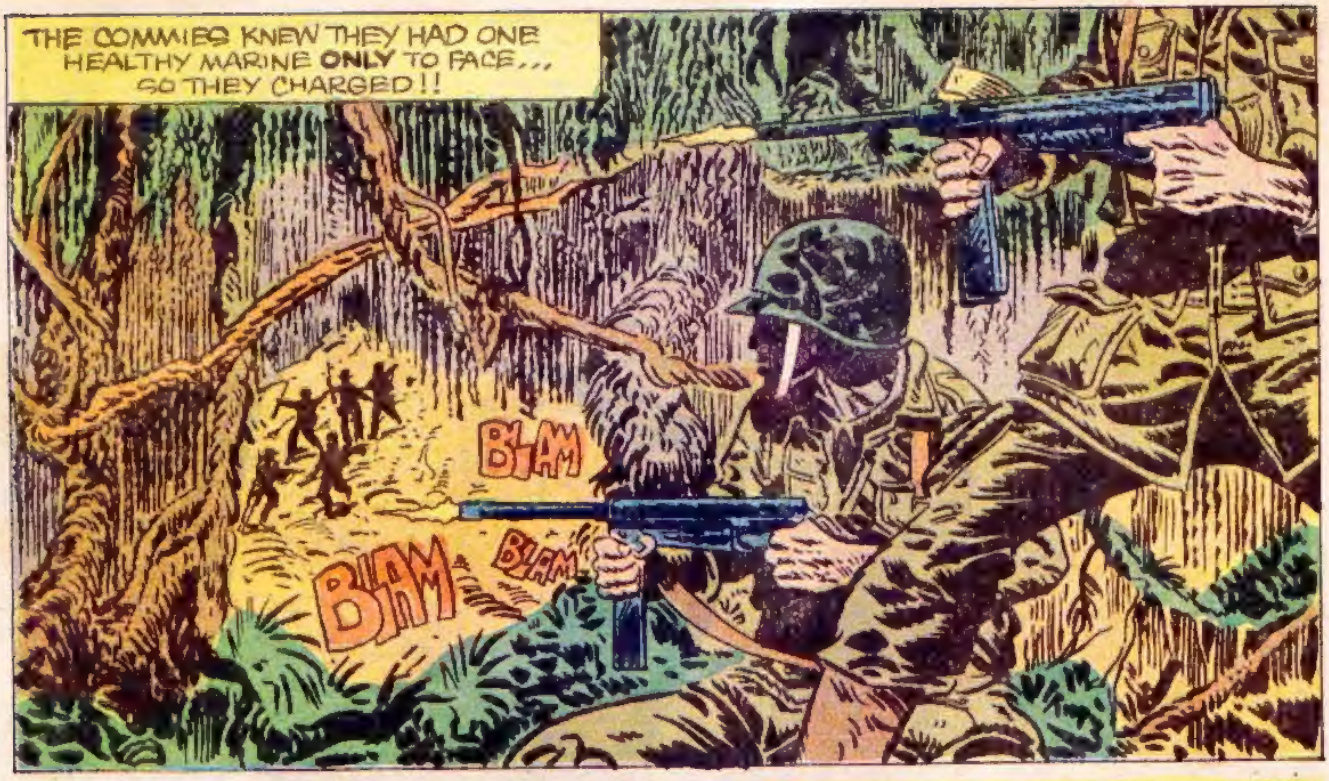
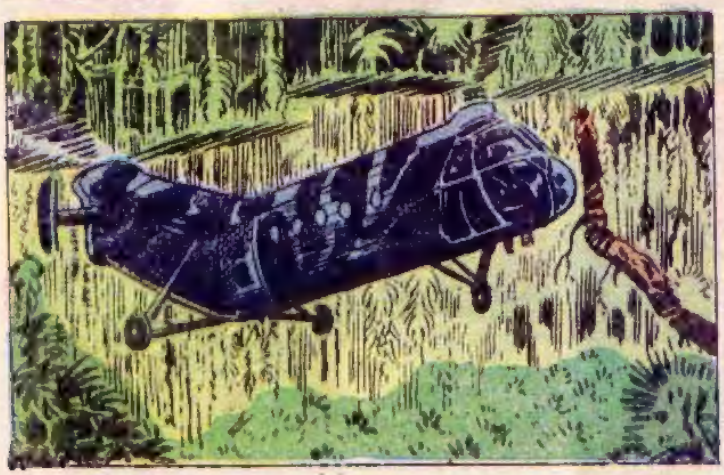
THEN, THE JETS WERE RUNNING LOW ON FUEL.... THEY MADE ONE MORE PASS, ROCKED THEIR WINGS, AND HEADED SOUTH!
CALLING ALL FRIENDLIES. GOT FIVE MARINES EAST OF MSR ABOUT EIGHT MILES NORTH OF CHANG LI! THEY NEED HELP TILL THE MEDICS GET 'EM OUT!
THEY'RE GONE
WHAT DIDJA EXPECT, THEY'D STAY FOR THE WEEK-END?
THE SURVIVORS OF THE COMMIE PATROL HAD REACHED THE RIDGE...NOW THEY SPOTTED THE MARINES! THERE WERE NINE OF THEM...
OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER!
HIT THE GRIT, CORP ...HERE COMES TROUBLE!
STAY DOWN ...LET 'EM COME CLOSER!


THE COMMIES KNEW THEY HAD ONE HEALTHY MARINE ONLY TO FACE... SO THEY CHARGED!!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

HEY, BUDDY... WE CLOBBERED 'EM!
YEAH, BUT NEXT TIME THEY'LL GET US! NOW I'M OUT OF IT, TOO!

THE CHOPPER CAME THEN... A BIGGER ONE... ABLE TO AIRLIFT FIVE SCARED MARINES BACK TO DOCTORS, FOOD, AND WARMTH!
GET 'EM ABOARD!



LATER...
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE A HOT MEAL AGAIN!
END